ON A FRONTIER STAGE

Some of the Famous Jehus of Thirty Years Ago.

A BATCH OF GOOD STORIES

How They Drove Along the Highways of California and Nevada Before the Railroads Had Penetrated the Sierras.

whips was Alfred, who for a number of years, up to the time of his death, drove a stage daily between Wawona and Yosemite valley. Alfred was a dark mulatto, and a likely fellow; and, although much petted, never got top-heavy or spoided. Probably no man, living or dead, has ever driven so many illustrious people. Grant, Garfield, Hayes, Blaine, Schurz, Sherman, Senator Morgan of Alabama, and hundreds of other senators and congressmen; governors of many of the states; Bull Run Russell, George Alfred Townsend, Charlie Nordhoff, John Russell Young, and scores of other eminent journalists; Albert Bierstadt, Thomas Moran, Tom Hill, and other famous artists; Mrs. Langtry, Lady Franklin, the Princess Louise, and many hundreds of other persons of consequence other famous artists; Mrs. Langtry, Lady Franklin, the Princess Louise, and many hundreds of other persons of consequence have been taken in to the great Yosemite by Alfred. He never had an accident; always made time either way to a minute; knew every peak and tree and 'rock and canyon and elearing and hut and streamlet by the wayside. He was of medium stature, weighing 165 pounds; he dressed neatly and wore the whitest and handsomest gauntlets of any driver in the Sierra. He seemed to be of a melancholy nature, or like a man who had experienced some disturbance of heart or peace of mind. He seldom had much or anything to say unless spoken to; was temperate or did, not drink at all, and only smoked the best of cigars. How many people there are in the United States who have presented Alfred with fine gloves, gauntlets and cigars can never be known. He would drive the entire distance from Wawona to Inspiration Point, sometimes, without uttering a word or relasing a feature. But if he had a jolly crowd behind him he would watch his team carefully, but listen radiantly to the jokes and stories and conversa-HE stage drivers of California and Nevada 25 and 30 years ago were undoubtedly the best liked, if not, indeed, the most highly honored, fellows on the Pacific coast, says the Chicago Tribune. The man who held the ribbons over a six-horse team on the summits of the Sierra in those picturesque days was more highly esteemed than the millionaire or the statesman who rode behind him He was often a hail fellow well met, but he was the autocrat of the road at all times. His orders were obeyed with the greatest alacrity and he was always the first to be saluted by the wayfarer, the hostier, the postmaster and the man at the door of the wayside inn. He was generally an American, and in most cases had either driven in New York, ing a feature. But if he had a jolly crowd behind him he would watch his team carefully, but listen radiantly to the jokes and stories and conundrums and conversation of those in his charge. The last time I saw Alfred I was a Yosemite commissioner and went over the mountains with him alone. He had on a new pair of gauntles sent him by Senator Morgan of Alabama and used a fine whip presented him by Mrs. Langtry. He said to me that he had never permitted but one man to take the reins from him in his life, and that was President Grant. "The general drove nearly all the way to Inspiration Point," said Alfred, "and lighted at least four eigars. He took in everything along the road and made all the turns as perfectly as an old driver. I had a fine crowd that day—the general and Mrs. Grant and Ulysses, jr.; Mr. Young, who has since been minister to China; and there were Miss Jenme Flood, the only daughter of the wealthy bonanza man, who was jiited by young Grant; Miss Dora Miller, who is now the wife of an officer of the navy; and Miss Flora Sharon, one of daughters of Senator Sharon, who afterwards married Sir Thomas Hesketh of England. Miss Sharon was the prettiest girl I ever carried into the valley and Miss, Langtry the most beautiful and most agreeable woman. I have received nice presents from all the members of the Grant party. The general himself gave me a silver-mounted eigar case containing eight eigars, and the girls sent me gloves and candy. Ohio, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, Texas or Maine. All or nearly all had been through grammar or higher schools, and a majority of them had pronounced opin-ions on politics and theology and could converse rationally on almost all ordinary subjects. There were those who were married and those who were not. But all were gentlemanly and accommodating and favorites with the women, few of and favorites with the women, few of whom they addressed except by their christian names, while the plump 16-year-olds they would tap familiarly under the chins. Some of these debus were young and green in the service, but the majority were grim and gray and professionally artistic. There were those who nev r indulged in liquor or wines of any kind; there were those who could not keep their teams on the grades unless they took a "couple of fingers" at every inn and "joined" the "outside traveler" moderately often between "changes." No person ever gave a Cahfornia stage driver a smail coin, as one would a porter or a waiter; but a nice slouch hat, a fine pair of boots, a pair of gloves, silk handkerchiefs, or good eigars were always acceptable. These old-time drivers always dressed in good taste. Their clothes were generally of the best cloths, made to order; their boots and gauntlets fine fitting and of good pattern, and their hats of a cream white, half stiff and half slouch. Most of them used to-bacco in various forms. Many of them were perfect Apolles. Few were profane or at all disrespectful or disagreeable in the presence of women.

For many years "Baldy" Greene was a favorite driver in the Sterra, but in 1866, and for a long time afterward, he drove out of Virginia City, Nev., on the Austin drive as far as Big Ned's, 75 miles from Virginia. He was nearly six feet in height and proportionately built and was altogether as handsome a man as one would wish to meet. His eye was large and lustrous and beautiful. His mustache was perfect. He could wear a No. 7 boot and he had a hand like a woman's. There was a sparseness of hair on his head and he was known as "Baldy" in consequence. To have addressed him as Mr. Greene would have been as totally out of place as it would be to address Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker as Birdie. whom they addressed except by their ing eight cigars, and the girls sent me gioves and candy. Aug. 17, 1878, I rode over one of the sum-Aug. 17, 1878, I rode over one of the summits of the Sierra from Quincy, Plomas county, to Oreville, Butte county, upon the seat with "Cherokee Bill." The driver was not an Indian, but a regular Buckeye from the Western Reserve. But, all the same, he was called "Cherokee Bill." He was a stout, clumsily-put-together creature, with stub beard, and drove a four-horse mud.

To have addressed him as Mr. Greene would have been as totally out of place as it would be to address Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker as Birdie.

He once drove Ben Holladay and the writer from Virginia City to Austin, 185 miles, in 17 hours. He also let himself out 27 years ago upon Mr. Colfax and party between Big Ned's and Virginia City, putting them over the road on one occasion 45 miles in four hours. He was fond of John Barleycern, and took his "snifters" with exceeding regularity. As a judge of that ambrosial decoction known as whiskey punch "Baldy" Greene was an accomplished juror.

as whiskey punch "Baldy" Greene was an accomplished jaror.

"Baldy" had whips and canes and gloves and hats given him by Colfax, Richardson, Bross, Bowler, Fitzhugh, Ludlow, Judge Carter, Hepworth Dixon, Captain Burton, Brigham Young, jr., Ned Adams, John McCullough, Setchell, Senator Sharon, Fair, Stewart and Nye, Tom Fitch, "Artemus Ward" and Jereme Leland. He had driven Forrest, Booth, Bill Goodall, the Western Sisters, Susan and Kate Denin, Billy Birch, Ben Cotton, Sher Campbell, Jerry Bryant, Barry Sullivan, Star King, Taimage, Bishop Kip, Horace Greeley, "Yankee" Sullivan, John C. Heenan, Barrett, and scores upon scores of nan, Barrett, and scores upon scores of eminent men and women representing all professions and pursuits. "Artemus professions and pursuits. "Artemus Ward," said Baldy, "was the funniest man I ever had on the seat with me, and Ned Adams the jolliest. We sang and drank and told stories and laughed all the way. Those times will never come again." "Dutch" John (whose real name was

John Lance) was one of the best long-dis-tance drivers on the frontier. He could not send a gay team around the curves of the Sierra or Coast Range grades like "Baldy" Greene, "Hank" Monk, Charlie Foss or "Buffalo" Jim. But he could mount a mud wagon, or a buckboard, or a mount a mud wagon, or a buckboard, or a jerky, and drive over the Mojave or Colorado or Arizona desert for 24 hours without a growl for a drink. He once told me that he had driven 135 miles in 36 hours, and in 50 minutes afterward had turned right around and driven back the same distance. Lance was killed by Apacies near Wickenburg, Ariz. Nov. 4, 1871. He had seven passengers with him, two of whom were on the outside, one of the latter being Fred W. Loring, the brilliant young author of Boston, whose death created a profound sensation in literary circles at the time throughout the United States.

The stage had left Wickenburg at 9 o'clock in the morning for San Bernardino, Cal., and in less than three hours dino, Cal., and in less than three hours afterward all were startled by the driver, who shouted: "Apaches! Apaches! Apaches! Apaches." These were the last words uttered by "Dutch" John, as a volley was discharged simultaneously by the savages, and Lance, Loring. Fred Shoholm, W. G. Solomon and P. W. Hamel were instantly killed and a man named C. S. Adams was mortally wanted. These were also mortally wounded. There were also a young man named Krager and a Miss Sheppard as inside passengers, Krager received three bullets in his right shoulder received three bullets in his right shoulder and back and Miss Sheppard also received three bullets, one in the arm and two in the right shoulder, Kruger, with great presence of mind, held the wounded woman down and told her to make believe she were dead, and the two kept as quiet as possible. The Apaches discharged a second volley, killing another wheel horse, and then remained in their ambush for and then remained in their ambush for and then remained in their ambush for ten or fifteen minutes. There then being no signs of life in the stage, the Indians sprang, cat like, from their ambush and made quickly for it. When Kenger and Miss Sheppard rose up and yelled with all their might, the former holding his revol-ver in their faces. This was too much for the cowardly redskins, and they at oner retreated pell mell to their cover. At the same time the two survivors struck for the sage brush on the other side of the stage, Kruger turning once in a while and stage, Kruger turning once in a while and pointing his pistol, but reserving its fire, until they made good their escape. One of the best known of all Sierra

Some Suggestions for Dramatists, From the Chicago Tribune.

Placerville on time.

or pretends that he believes that lots of our babies come into the world to be damned, and claims that it is wicked to bury a fellow being if he hasn't been hap-tized by some lecherous old preacher like Kalloch. I'd like to run him off into the canyon."

We reached the summit at 12 o'clock,

and here a sight presented itself such as I had never seen before and have never witnessed since. The storm had spent it-self upon the summit and had been swept

self upon the summit and had been swept into the stupendous chasms surrounding, with all of its celestial pyrotechnics and deafening artillery; and from a sunny elevation 7,000 feet in the air we could behold the jubilee of elements below. I saw Hooker's fight in and above the clouds on Lookout Moantain, at the commencement of the Atlanta campaign, and I was reminded of that memorable episode by the sight before me, except that, with the ex-

minded of that memorable episode by the sight before me, except that, with the exception of the din of small arms and the infernally demoralizing "rebel yell," the roar of heaven's artillery in the Sierra that 17th day of August was like that of 10,000 battles in the clouds. Bill reined up so that I could stand and get a good view, at which the inside passenger stuck his head out of the window and asked: "What is the matter, driver? What are you stopping here for?" Bill was ferocious, and replied: "I'm listening to the salute the Almighty is firing over my poor boy's

replied: "I'm listening to the salute the Almighty is firing over my poor boy's grave." The preacher said no more, and I told Bill to drive on, which he did, but quietly said to me: "Do you think that preacher would ask for my certificate of laptism if he had a chance to bury me?

Not much."
"Hank" Monk, who was no slouch of a driver, but who really ranked as a second-class one, carned, as every one knows,

great notociety as being the man who

class one, carned, as every one knows, his great notociety as being the man who drove Horaco Greeley over the Sierra Nevada meuntains from Carsen City to Placerville nearly 30 years ago. Some 24 years ago I was in Placerville and stopped at the same inn at which Mr. Greeley had staid over night, and the landlord informed me, in speaking of that drive, that the canvas top of the wagon was torn in two or three places; that Mr. Greeley's hat was knocked in; that the team was white with foam; and that the stage, and harness, and driver were covered with dirt and mud as he had never seen them before, "Hank" Monk was rather under stature, wore no whiskers, and did not have that robust-daudy way of many of the Sierra drivers. Upon his return to New York Mr. Greeley sent Monk a gold English hunting-case lever watch and chain and a pleasant letter. Subsequently, believing that Monk was blamable for the many ridiculous stories told of him in connection with his ride, he let go even his meager appreciation for the driver who took him from Carson City to Placerville on time.

"It seems to me," said the solemn-looking man as be pulled the theatrical manager aside, "that if you're going into the

"what could be more perfect? Don't we introduce a real street car drawn by real

introduce a real street car drawn by real borses, with a real newsboy selling papers, and a real hog occupying two seats while a real lady stands up?"

"Yes, yes," admitted the solemn man, "but there are other features that strike me as being totally at a variance with fact. They sort of jar on me. One might as well be correct, you know."

"Certainly."

"Well, now if you started out for a trip from Chicago via New York. London, Yokohama and San Francisco back to Chicago again you would say you were going to take a trip across the world, would you?"

to take a trip across the world, would you?"

"Colorse not."

"Exactly. You'd say you were going around the world. Some centuries ago it might have sounded all right, but since the times of Columbus it has been different. Yet your heroine, I notice, when she gets in trouble says something about being forsaken in the wide, wide world. She puts chalk on her face, shows the whites of her eyes, and talks for a straight 10 minutes about the world, wide world."

There was a dangerous light in the manager's eye as he reached for a loaded cane, but the solemn stranger continued:

"Don't you consider that an insult to the intelligence of your audience? Don't you think it an intimation that there is a woeful lack of geographical knowledge somewhere? Why not have her forsaken on the round, round world? Of course, this is merely a suggestion. And then

this is merely a suggestion. And then your here says: 'Must I die?' Why, if he isn't an inspired idiot he knows he must some time. It's simply a question

The loaded cane fell and the patrol wagon was called.

THE YELLOW CLARINET.

How Katzmeyer Broke Up a Good Circus Business in Texas.

"Yes, we're back again," he sighed, as he gnawed one of the angles off a guttapercha sandwich, "and, if anybody should ask you, we left a Dutchman down in Texas who wasn't expected to live when we pulled stakes."

He was an ancient circus man, and with a small but select party of friends was oc-cupying a table in one of the strictly theatrical saloons on the opposite prompt

side of Union square.
"What did the Dutchman have to do with it?" he continued, in response to a query from the serio-comic that sat beside "Well, just about everything. When Quirk was making up the show he left the band to the last, so we picked 'em up on the jump, so to speak. Katzmeyer—that was the Dutchman's name—was signed

was the Dutchman's name—was signed about an hour before we started and only just caught the boat.

"We sailed out of this town with one of the best one-ring shows that ever rustled sawdust. It was an all-round corker, and we had some acts that Barnum couldn't beat, so it didn't surprise us when we started in at Galveston with a rip-staving good business and kept it up right along for three straight weeks. We knocked out everything that came against us, and Quirk began to think of adding a freak exhibit and taking the whole show over to Australia next season.

Australia next season.

Australia next season.

"One night in the jayest kind of a Texas town Katzmeyer came into the men's dressing tent with a long parcel under his arm and a smile like a gash in a pie.

"I my instrooment brake py accidence,' he said, 'but I haf alreatty yet anoder. Py chimminy, it vas a bargains also, too,' and waying the parcel in triumph, he waltzed out to get ready for the grand entree.

"Half an hour later Eddie Thomas shinned up the rope to do his flying trapeze act, and as he was standing on the bar I saw him look into the bandstand and grow pale. Three minutes afterward he missed a turn, fell, and broke a couple of ribs.

"As we were carrying him out of the

stout, clumsily-put-together creature, with stub beard, and drove a four-horse mud wagon. He was rather more morose-looking and slovenly in his dress than most Sierra drivers, being clad in overalls and woolen shirt, but wearing good gloves and the regulation hat. I was the only passenger except an Gld clergyman, who occupied the middle seat on the inside. We left Quincy at 6 in the merning, with not a cloud in the sky. At 10 the entire heavens were overcast, it began to sprinkle, and distant mutterings of thunder could be heard. At 11 o'clock, when within a thousand feet of the sammit, we encountered the full viclence of the atorim. I had never seen lightning, thunder and rain to excel it. The rain descended, not in torrents, but in shafts; the lightnings flashed almost incessantly all around, and the thunders assumed one awful continuous roar, with now and then a crash which resembled the fall of a hundred or more of the most noble taxodiums of the forest. I said to Bill, aithough I was already completely drenched: "I guess I'll crawl inside." "No!" he replied; "you don't want toget in with that thing inside; he refused to bury my poor boy a few months ago because he badan't been baptized. I wish one of these pines would strike him dead. He's one of those old duffers who believes or pretends that he believes that lots of our bables come into the world to be damned, and claims that it is wicked to ribs.

"As we were carrying bim out of the ring he whispered to me: 'Bill, that Dutchman's got a yellow clarinet;' and I said to him: 'Eddie, we'll bust up in a week.' When I told Quirk about it he nearly had a fit. For an out-and-out hoodoo you can't beat a yellow clarinet in 10 years, and my estimate of a week was too liberal by far. The next three days was one steady procession of accidents and bad business, and though we tried our darndest to get the clarinet away from him, the Dutchman couldn't be fooled into giving it up. On the fourth day a cyclone wrecked the tent, killed half the animals and stopped the show for good.

the show for good.
"Quirk called us together at the hotel,
told us the jig was up and gave us our
fares home—all except Katzmeyer. "'You busted my show with that yellow agony pipe of yours,' he said to him, 'and now you can get back on skates for all I care.' Then we took Katzmeyer out on the street and pounded him with his clar-ionet until some Salvation army guys swept him together and carried him

away.
"I tell you, it never failed yet, one of them instruments 'll smash up a circus quicker than a collision!"

And the waiter was requested to fill 'em up again.—New York Commercial Adver-

THEY WANTED SPECTACULAR.

An Incident Illustrating the Dramatic Taste of the Texas Cowboy. From the Chicago Press.

"The smallest and most unappreciative audience I ever saw," said Mr. Tagliapietra, the baritone, "was in Marshall, Texas, 14 or 15 years ago. It consisted solely of 12 cowboys, and they stayed in the house just two minutes. At the end of that time they showed their want of approval by shooting out the footlights and leaving the hall. The stage was a rude platform at one end, raised on horses so one could see clear under it. Not more than four or five people could go on at once, but we had to have the \$309, and I decided to give the show. I asked Major Cumming, the manager, if he had any scenery, and he replied with great dignity that he most certainly had. When we came around at night I was damfounded by discovering that the scenery consisted of common sheets tacked up at the rear and sides of the stage. There was no curtain, and a "The smallest and most unappreciative

sheets tacked up at the rear and sides of the stage. There was no curtain, and a dozen kerosene lamps served as foothghts. There was no use kicking, so we got ready to produce "La Favorita" under these conditions. "There was not a soul in the house when we commenced, but we were fold that the audience was across the street getting a drink andwould come over after we got to work. In a few minutes they came -12 work. In a few minutes they came 12 tall, lank-looking cow-boys, with their trousers in their boots, broad sombreros, clanking spurs, pistols in their belts and a lantern in the right hand of each manstalked noisily in and sat down on the frame benches. Poor Litta, who was on the stage, nearly fainted, so I hastened on the first chorus and rushed as grant year. the first chorus and rushed as many peo-ple on the stage as we could. The rest stood around on the floor. The cowboys listened patiently until they could make themselves heard, when the leader sang

say, Muncher, ain't there nothin' spec-"Treplied very deferentially that we were wedded to music and that Tagliapietra's Grand Italian Opera company was not given to tights. A look of great disgust spread over the leader'e face as he said:
"Thunder! Boys, let's mosey, and

said:
"'Thunder! Boys, let's mosey,' and,
drawing out his pistol, shot out the lamp
nearest without spilling a drop of oil,
Each man followed suits till the lights
were all extinguished; then gravely picked ager aside, "that if you're going into the realistic line you should be a bit more particular in regard to your plays."

"Why, sir," protested the manager,

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